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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

CENTENNIAL MOVEMENT.

1876.

A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

BY

NATHAN APPLETON.

BOSTON:
LOCKWOOD, BROOKS, AND COMPANY,
381 WASHINGTON STREET.
1877.

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1877.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MR. CHARLES EVERTON, a rich Philadelphia merchant.

MR. JAMES EVERTON, his brother, an old bachelor, who likes repose, and detests the movement.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG, a Yankee decidedly in the movement. Knows everybody and everything, and been everywhere.

LORD FITZGIBBON, an English swell and tourist.

PRINCE QUITENOFF, a Russian swell and tourist.

BARON HIGHENSTEIN, a German swell and tourist.

COUNT TURDIGO, a French swell and tourist.

The MARQUIS DE TAMBORINO, an Italian swell and tourist.

The Captain of the steamship "Columbia."

The Pilot.

A Steward.

A Sailor.

MR. GESTALL, the Continental Hotel clerk.

HON. MOSES JACKSINGTON, colored member of Congress.

ANTELOPE JOE, from the prairies.

Three Indian Chiefs.

CHING HO, a Chinese washerman.

PRINCE FUSIAMI, of Japan.

Man in charge of the elevator.

Porters and servants.

SAM, a colored servant of the old school.

Boy at the soda-fountain.

Man who pushes the rolling-chair.

Several children.

Mrs. Charles Everton (first name Sarah).

Miss Kate Everton,
Miss Minnie Everton,
Miss Edith Everton,
} charming young ladies, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Everton's daughters.

Miss Abigail Haymeadow, a Quaker spinster, cousin of the Evertons, and from the rural districts.

The flower-girl (from Danbury).

The First Act is on the deck of the steamship "Columbia," of the Philadelphia Line. Time, the last part of June, 1876.

The Second Act is in the lobby of the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, the evening of the arrival of the steamship.

The Third Act is at Mr. Charles Everton's house on Walnut Street, Philadelphia, about the 8th of July. The stage represents the drawing-room and the hall.

The Fourth Act is in the Main Building at the Centennial Exhibition, about the last of July.

The Fifth Act is on the piazza of the Haut Ton Hotel at Long Branch, about the first of September.

CENTENNIAL MOVEMENT, 1876.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *The deck of the steamship "Columbia," of the Philadelphia line, about fifty miles from the American coast, in the latter part of June*, 1876.

MR. JAMES EVERTON (*seated comfortably in a deck-chair, smoking a cigar*).

Ah, how I enjoy this repose of early morn, when there are few persons on deck, with the fresh air and my own reflections for sufficient company! I have had it now for about ten minutes to-day, and I can't expect that it will last much longer: that would be too great a boon, — more than I deserve. No, I thought so: it is all up now; for here comes that frightful nuisance and talker, the great American traveller and cosmopolite, Mr. Josiah Whirligig, and he will be at me immediately. How I do hate these so-called cosmopolitans, with their pretended knowledge of every thing, and their real ignorance of most things, certainly most good things! Well, here he is, and my peace is over.

(*Enter* MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG *in elaborate sea costume.*)

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Good-morning, friend Everton: the top of the day to you, and hope I am finding you well.

MR. JAMES EVERTON (*gruffly*).

Morning. You are too good. I have been well so far. I came on deck early to try to be alone for a short time; but I give it up.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Did you, really? Why, I came up early for just the opposite reason, — to be around, and see what is going on, and meet the people. In a word, I like movement, you know. Can't stay quiet and alone.

MR. JAMES EVERTON.

My dear sir, you represent every thing I loathe, — all this wild and restless American overgrowth of nerves. I hate it; it makes me furious: but, if you find it amusing, I suppose it is no affair of mine. You ought to meet my brother, the father of these young ladies who are with me; for he is in the movement with a vengeance, — politics, business, society, Christian Associations, — every thing: he does it in style. Oh, you will like him!

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

What particular line of business is he in?

MR. JAMES EVERTON.

Every thing. I could not begin to enumerate. Railroads, banks, grain-elevators, insurance-companies, pork, cotton, mines: in fact, sir (*rising*), as any Fourth-of-July orator might say, he is a splendid specimen of American civilization, helping develop the resources of the mighty Republic, aiding the eagle in his flight, or any thing else you damn please.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Bully, bully! Go on, by all means: *con*tinue.

MR. JAMES EVERTON.

No: that will do for me. All I can say is, that he is supposed to be immensely rich. And you must come to his house in Philadelphia, — every thing free there. I presume some fine day he will "bust:" I think that is the word you use for those pleasant interludes in business-life, is it not?

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Yes, "bust" is the cheese.

MR. JAMES EVERTON.

And then perhaps, for the first time in his career, he will see the advantages of peace, tranquillity, and comparative poverty.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Oh, yes! that won't do him any harm. There is nothing in the world like change and movement. Give me movement; and I certainly have had my share (*sits down*). Would you like to have me tell you the history of my checkered career?

MR. JAMES EVERTON (*not encouragingly*).

Certainly. Pray begin: and do not be in a hurry; we have all day before us.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Well, then, I began life some forty years ago, in the

interesting town of Danbury, Conn. They tell me that I was a precocious boy ; at least, so the nurse said.

MR. JAMES EVERTON (*dryly*).

I do not doubt but that she was correct.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

At the age of ten I could drive a plough-tandem, to the admiration of the village farmers ; and great things were predicted of my future. To say that I was to be President of this big Republic is nothing. Then, at the age of twelve, I met, one day —

(*Enter* MISS KATE EVERTON.)

MR. JAMES EVERTON (*aside*).

Thank goodness! there is one of the girls, and this history is nipped in the bud. (*Aloud.*) Good-morning, my dear Kate. How are you to-day?

MISS KATE EVERTON.

Good-morning, Uncle James. Thanks: I am always well, as you know. — Good-morning, Mr. Whirligig. I am glad to see that my uncle is in such good company. He hardly needs me.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

You do me proud, Miss Kate: only I hope you won't make that an excuse to go away. There is nobody else up yet. All these princes and barons and lords have not left their bunks, and won't for a long while yet, I bet. Would you like to hear some of my adventures? for I was just relating them to your uncle.

MISS KATE EVERTON.

Oh, by all means! only you must let me interrupt you whenever I feel like it.

MR. JAMES EVERTON.

Feel like what, Kate? How often must I tell you to be more careful in your expressions? (*Aside.*) Now, then, for some more, until another good angel chokes him off again!

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Well, then, to proceed. Let me see: where was I? Oh, yes! at the age of twelve, I met, one day —

(*Enter* MISS MINNIE EVERTON, *running, and kissing her uncle.*)

MISS MINNIE EVERTON.

Good-morning all, uncle and Mr. Whirligig. Oh, what a glorious day! and what a splendid breakfast I have had! Let me see, — an omelet, a chop, toast, and lots of nice things. What did you eat, Mr. Whirligig?

MR. JAMES EVERTON (*aside*).

This is better than the story, anyway.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Me? Let me think. Two soft-boiled eggs, beefsteak, kidney, fried bacon, one herring, hominy, rice-cakes, coffee, ice-water, — I guess that about completes the list. But you must let me continue my history. Silence in the house, young ladies, if you please.

MISS KATE EVERTON.

What does this mean, sir? I will not keep silent unless I happen to want to (*stamps her foot*).

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

At the age of twelve, I met, one day —

(*Enter* MISS EDITH EVERTON.)

MISS EDITH EVERTON.

Well, here you are! I have found you all at last. I looked in the cabin, and, not seeing you there, I concluded to come on deck; and here I intend to take my breakfast. — Steward, steward!

(*Enter a* STEWARD.)

STEWARD.

Yes, miss.

MISS EDITH EVERTON.

Oh, steward! get me a nice breakfast, please, — broiled chicken and ham, and some raw tomatoes, and a cup of tea.

STEWARD.

Very good, miss (*retreats*).

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

At the age of twelve, I met, one day —

MR. JAMES EVERTON (*aside*).

He is bound to have it out. I wonder if he will ever get to be thirteen.

(*Enter* PRINCE QUITENOFF.)

PRINCE QUITENOFF.

Good-morning, ladies. — Good-morning, MM. Everton and Whirligig. Are you feeling what we call in Russia *horascho?* I think you have the same word in American, — allright.

THE YOUNG LADIES (*simultaneously*).

Oh, yes! every thing is lovely: we are all "*horascho.*"

MR. JAMES EVERTON.

There is no necessity for your sneezing in this boisterous manner.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Prince, I am right glad to see you on deck. By the way, did you ever hear of my Centennial speech in Moscow at a meeting of the magnates of the old Muscovite capital?

PRINCE QUITENOFF.

Really, I did not. What was it, pray?

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Oh! I referred to the friendship between Russia and the United States during our late civil war, with an allusion to the emancipation of the serfs and our negroes happening about the same time; and, with some good words for the Tzar, Alexander II., and Abraham Lincoln, clearly proved that Russia was the *one nation* that ought to have the finest exhibit at Philadelphia. I brought down the house, you can bet your bottom rouble on it.

PRINCE QUITENOFF.

I do not think I quite understand about the bottom rouble; but I have no doubt what you say is correct, — *horascho.*

(*Enter* BARON HIGHENSTEIN.)

BARON HIGHENSTEIN.

Guten morgen, everybody, *damen* and *herren.*

They all reply.

Good-morning, baron.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Pleased to see you around so early, Herr Baron. By the way, did you ever hear the speech I made in Berlin about the Centennial?

BARON HIGHENSTEIN.

No, I have not; but I should much like to, *bitte.*

MR. JAMES EVERTON.

Well, Mr. Whirligig, I see you have dropped the history of your life for that of your speeches.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Speeches did you say, sir? Well, as for speeches, I am warranted to make a speech in any country, on any subject, and in any language. Of course it makes no difference whether or not I can speak the language.

MR. JAMES EVERTON.

With your natural eloquence, I should imagine that the words were of little consequence.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

I was referring to my speech in Berlin on the Centennial. Why, I told them that we had three hundred thousand Germans in New York alone, to say nothing of the rest of the country, St. Louis, and the Far West; that they were our best citizens; that we wanted more of them; and that Germany was naturally the *one country* that ought to be the best represented at Philadelphia. Do you *verstehen?*

BARON HIGHENSTEIN.

Yah, yah! *gut schön.*

(*Enter* COUNT TURBIGO.)

COUNT TURBIGO.

Bon jour, mesdames et messieurs. I hope you all carry yourselves quite well.

All reply.

Very well, count, thank you.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Count, we were talking about the Centennial. Did I ever tell you of the speech I made at Paris on this subject? No? Well, then, listen now. I threw in some interesting allusions to Benjamin Franklin at Versailles, and Lafayette in America. I mentioned the fact that to-day France and the United States were the two great growing republics on either side of the Atlantic.

COUNT TURBIGO.

Très-bien, very fine.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

I spoke of the number of Americans who go every year to Paris; and I guess I made it as clear as crystal to my audience that France was the *one* and *particular nation* that ought to do its darndest to be well represented at our great show in Philadelphia. Do you *comprenez?*

COUNT TURBIGO.

Oui, oui, parfaitement; and in behalf of my *patrie* I thank you.

MR. JAMES EVERTON.

Fortunately there are not many more nationalities on the boat, or our friend Whirligig would take us all round the world with them. Ah! here comes the last, I believe. No: there is the Italian also, who will follow John Bull.

(*Enter* LORD FITZGIBBON.)

LORD FITZGIBBON.

Aw, good-morning, aw.

All reply.

Good-morning, mylord.

MISS MINNIE EVERTON.

Come here, Lord FitzGibbon. I would so like to take a little walk on deck!

LORD FITZGIBBON.

Aw, you are awfully kind to say so, you know. Thanks, aw.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Before you go, mylord, I want to tell you of the little

speech I made one day quite recently, in London, on the Centennial.

LORD FITZGIBBON.

Aw! that was awfully good of you, you know.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Yes, was it not? Well, I told them about the mother-country, the Pilgrim Fathers coming from England, John Bull and Brother Jonathan, the British lion and the American eagle, faith, hope, and charity; and conclusively exemplified the fact that there was only *one nation* that really we expected to have make a fine exhibit at Philadelphia, and that nation our own progenitors and cousins, the people of Great Britain. Do you catch the idea?

LORD FITZGIBBON.

Yaas, quite so, you know. (*Crosses to* MISS MINNIE EVERTON.)

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Then, the next day, I crossed over to Ireland, where I addressed a meeting of Fenians on the Centennial, saying that they had our entire sympathy; that they were the only people except ourselves who had resisted British tyranny and oppression; and that, of course, they should take a greater interest than any one else in doing their best at Philadelphia.

(*Enter* THE MARQUIS DE TAMBORINO.)

THE MARQUIS DE TAMBORINO.

Buon giorno.

All reply.

Good-morning, marquis.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

By the way, marquis, I think I forgot to mention to you the little speech I one day made, at your own city of Genoa, about the Centennial.

THE MARQUIS DE TAMBORINO.

I never heard of it, signor.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Yes? Well, I will tell you about it now. I happened to be at Genoa; and so I thought I would seize the occasion to make a few remarks, which I did with marvellous success, making a great hit by saying, that, as Christopher Columbus had discovered America, of course Italy was the *one land*, and Genoa the *particular city*, that would claim our especial attention as far as concerns what it would send over to the Philadelphia Exhibition. *Buono*, was it not, signor?

THE MARQUIS DE TAMBORINO.

Si, si multo.

(*The gentlemen offer their arms to the young ladies, and they promenade up and down the deck.*)

(*Enter* THE CAPTAIN.)

THE CAPTAIN.

Good-morning, ladies and gentlemen.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Captain, your most obedient.

LORD FITZGIBBON.

I beg your pardon, captain; but, aw, where are we, you know, just now?

THE CAPTAIN.

How in thunder should I know? Do you suppose I live here?

LORD FITZGIBBON.

Aw, thanks; quite so.

(THE CAPTAIN *walks off, and talks with the ladies.*)

One of the sailors to MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

I think, sir, there is the pilot-boat not far off.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Hurrah, boys! the pilot-boat! There she is! We shall soon be on free American soil now.

(*They all crowd round, and look at her with their glasses.*)

MR. JAMES EVERTON.

Yes; and my days of quiet repose will be over, and I shall have to be jostled with that horrid crowd at Philadelphia.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Gentlemen, we will now have some fun; and I propose to make a bet with each one of you about the pilot. In the first place, we will get up a pool on the number of the boat, each one drawing for his number, — one dollar a ticket. I am sure the young ladies will be so kind as to arrange that for us.

THE YOUNG LADIES.

Certainly; of course. What a lark!

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Then, besides, we will have some extra bets: for instance, mylord, I will bet with you one pound or five gold dollars that the pilot has on a stove-pipe hat. This I bet against the field of all other kinds of hats.

LORD FITZGIBBON.

I take the bet, aw, and book it, you know. Awfully odd idea, you know.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Then with you, prince, I bet five roubles or five greenback dollars, whichever you please, that the pilot is an old personal acquaintance of mine: and this is a perfectly fair bet; for I think I know just about *half* of those in the harbors of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and most of the Atlantic ports. Do you take it?

PRINCE QUITENOFF.

Yes, I will; and our friend Mr. Everton shall decide, from the way you meet him, whether or not you have been acquainted before. I put myself entirely in his hands.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Good enough. Now, then, as for you, count, I bet a napoleon that the pilot will put his left foot on deck first when he comes up the side of the ship, you betting that it will be his right foot.

COUNT TURBIGO.

Very good. I accept, and Mr. Everton shall be the judge again.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

And for the last bet, marquis, I bet with you that the pilot has blue eyes.

THE MARQUIS DE TAMBORINO.

Bene.

MR. JAMES EVERTON.

And I bet five dollars that the number of the pilot-boat is even, against you that it is odd.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

I take the bet.

(*The young ladies distribute tickets for the pool, and the passengers collect round.*)

MISS KATE EVERTON (*looking through the glass*).

I can see the number distinctly now: it is 11. — Uncle, you have lost your bet.

All cry out.

Who has got No. 11?

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

I have not looked at my ticket yet; but I am willing to bet it is 11. I always have luck at these pools. Yes, there it is, sure enough, — 11.

THE YOUNG LADIES.

You don't say so, really! Well, here is the money.

(*They pay it over to him with some ceremony, counting it carefully, and comparing it with the number of the tickets. The pilot-boat comes near, and the pilot gets into his small row-boat, and approaches the steamship*)

MR. JAMES EVERTON.

Mr. Whirligig, you have won on the hat question; for I see he *has* got a stove-pipe on. — Mylord, I am afraid you have lost your pound.

LORD FITZGIBBON.

Aw, well, I will try not to be troubled about it, you know. (*Pays it.*)

(*The passengers collect at the side of the steamship to see the pilot approach and get on board. He climbs up by a rope-ladder, and puts his left foot first on deck at the opening in the bulwarks made by the sailors.*)

MR. JAMES EVERTON.

Left foot first, of course. Mr. Whirligig, you are winning every thing. Blue eyes too: there is no mistaking that with such blonde hair. The pilot is a regular sun-bleached Yankee from Cape Cod. — Count, marquis, you have both lost, I fear. (*They pay the money good-naturedly.*)

THE PILOT (*shaking hands with* MR. WHIRLIGIG).

Hallo, Whirligig, is that you? Who would have thought to see you here, except you are everywhere all the time, as we all know? Come over to see the Centennial, I guess.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

I think there is no doubt but that I have won that bet too. Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce my friend Captain Fearnought, of Hyannis; and I can say, too, that he is just the best pilot on the Atlantic coast.

MR. JAMES EVERTON.

Glad to meet you, captain. It is enough that you are a friend of Mr. Whirligig; for, besides winning all our money, he has done more for our amusement than any one else on the ship.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

You do me proud, sir; you make me blush. — By the way, captain, have you got any late papers? What is the news? Does Turkey still exist? and what is gold selling at?

THE PILOT.

Here they are: you must find it out for yourself. I don't care much for such things: I am not in the movement like you. (*He gives him a package of papers.*)

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG (*taking the papers, and distributing them.*)

Steward, bring up champagne for the crowd. I stand treat: I have won all the money.

(*The steward brings up champagne: they all fill their glasses, and drink to the health of the United States, the Centennial, the captain of the steamship, the pilot,* MR. WHIRLIGIG, *and everybody else.*)

END OF FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *The lobby of the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia; the office on the left, the elevator opposite, and the bar-room in the distance; guests, travellers, hotel-porters, etc.*

(*Enter* MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG, PRINCE QUITENOFF, BARON HIGHENSTEIN, LORD FITZGIBBON, COUNT TURBIGO, *and* THE MARQUIS DE TAMBORINO.)

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG (*going up to the desk, and recognizing at once one of the clerks*).

Why, how are you, Mr. Gestall? Glad to see you again. When I left, I think you were at the Astor House.

MR. GESTALL.

Yes; but I was asked to come on here to look after things during the Exhibition. Delighted to meet you here. What can I do for you?

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Well, I will tell you what you can do for me. First let me introduce my friends just arrived in the steamer with me: Prince Quitenoff of Russia, Baron Highenstein of Germany, Lord FitzGibbon of England, Count Turbigo of Paris, and the Marquis de Tamborino of Italy. (*The gentlemen bow.*)

MR. GESTALL.

Delighted to make your acquaintance, gentlemen.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

And I want you to give us all just the best rooms you have got in the house.

MR. GESTALL.

We are rather full now, naturally; but I am certain we can accommodate you and any of your friends. (*Looks at his lists.*) Yes, here I have some excellent rooms, numbers 87, 92, 96, 103, 115, and 124. (*Rings the bell.*) Here, boy: take the gentlemen's baggage, and show them up to their rooms whenever they are ready.

PRINCE QUITENOFF.

You seem to have the magic touch, Mr. Whirligig. I think I shall stay by you during my trip, or at least as long as you will let me.

LORD FITZGIBBON.

Yaas, it 's awfully jolly to travel with you and all that sort of thing, you know.

BARON HIGHENSTEIN.

Yah, yah.

COUNT TURBIGO.

You are immense, monsieur.

MARQUIS DE TAMBORINO.

The Colosseum of Rome and Vesuvius combined are nothing to your magnificence and power, signor.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Before going to our rooms, you must all take another drink with me, I insist. But first let us look at some of the other arrivals: it will amuse you.

(*Enter* HON. MOSES JACKSINGTON, *colored member of Congress from one of the Southern States; one of the white porters following him with a carpet-bag.*)

HON. MOSES JACKSINGTON (*to the clerk*).

Look a-here, boss: reckon I want a right smart good room. Ben sent up here by my district to see this big show you 've got in Philydelphy.

MR. GESTALL.

All right, Mr. Representative. I have a fine room ready for you on the sixth story, — white gentleman's room: no discount on that.

HON. MOSES JACKSINGTON.

Well, you 're mighty clever, sartan! (*To the porter.*) Here now, you white trash, just take all my trunks and hat-boxes and de rest ob my fixins up stairs, darn quick too, if you want to get an honest colored gentleman's fee, — ten cents clean money. What 's yer about dare? why don't yer move? If yer don't work for a libbin, yer must expect to starve.

(*Enter three Indian chiefs*, GREEN CHEESE, ROARING HYENA, *and* SPECKLED GOOSE, *with* ANTELOPE JOE, *a white man with long hair on his shoulders, as an interpreter.*)

ANTELOPE JOE.

Stand out of the way, you nigger! I 've got a party of

Indians here. They are the lords of the soil, the original aborigines; and I guess they come first. Mr. Landlord, what can you do for us?

MR. GESTALL.

Well, I think I can fix you all straight in a few moments. Don't be impatient.

HON. MOSES JACKSINGTON.

Who calls me a nigger? Eh, what do you t'ink ob dat? I'se no nigger. I'se a representative of the people at Congress. Eh?

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Oh, it 's all right, gentlemen. We can't have any trouble here. We are all friends. Hon. Mr. Jacksington, your hand: I met you two years ago speechifying down in your State. And as for you, Antelope Joe, why, you remember perfectly three years ago last October we were out on the plains together. Just introduce me to the Indian chiefs, and I will put you through bully.

(*A general introduction follows. Enter* CHING HO, *a Chinese washerman in Chinese dress.*)

CHING HO.

Me fetch closy for a white colored gentleman what lives top side of the big housy. Want one and halfy dollar.

MR. GESTALL.

All right, John Chinaman: very good. Leave the clothes; and here is the cash.

CHING HO.

Me no takey paper: me want good silver cash.

(*Enter* PRINCE FUSIAMI *of Japan in ordinary dress of the day.*)

PRINCE FUSIAMI.

Here, off with you, Chinaman! you know nothing. Japs everybody here.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

We like you all, — Japanese, Chinese, Siamese (even the Twins), Sandwich Islandese. Come on; for there is plenty of room. We extend a general invitation. Prince Fusiami, doubtless you scarcely remember me; but I had the privilege of meeting you one day at the office of the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington, where you and a delegation of your countrymen were studying up our financial system. Glad to see you again (*they shake hands*). And now let me introduce you to my friends. (*A general introduction follows.*) Mr. Gestall, you must give the prince a first-class room.

MR. GESTALL.

All right, sir: I find I have one or two more left yet.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG (*to* CHING HO).

John, my boy, I shall have some washing for you soon. I once passed a couple of months in China, and like your system of mangling.

CHING HO.

Thankee muchy, Amelican gentleman: me washy

good. (*The elevator starts up, filled with passengers.*) Oh, me big scared! What all that room mean go top-side? I run quick away homy.

HON. MOSES JACKSINGTON.

Oh, dat nothing. Whar you libbed all dis time? Dat's the elevator what takes you up topsy-turvy as you say. Hah!

CHING HO.

Me no liky that: me rather go topside by the big steps. Me run off, chin chin.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Well, gentlemen, I guess we had all better go now and take a drink to wash the dust of travel out of our throats, and prepare ourselves for the work of seeing this big Centennial show. Come ahead, all. What shall it be? cocktail, mint julep, brandy smash, claret cobbler, or even soda lemonade? Nothing better. I pays the money this time again, and you takes your choice. Hurrah, boys! on with the dance!

END OF SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I. — MR. CHARLES EVERTON'S *house in Philadelphia. A large part of the stage represents a handsome drawing-room, and the rest the hall.* MR. *and* MRS. CHARLES EVERTON, MISSES KATE, MINNIE, *and* EDITH EVERTON, *in full evening dress.*

MR. CHARLES EVERTON (*to* MRS. EVERTON).

Well, my dear, here we are all ready : pray whom are we to have at dinner to-day ?

MRS. CHARLES EVERTON.

Oh ! you must ask the girls that question : they have had all the arrangement of it. I merely inquired of them how many there were to be, and said I would provide dinner accordingly ; but left the guests to them, at their particular desire. I presume they have invited some of their swell foreign acquaintances of the voyage.

MR. CHARLES EVERTON.

That is a free and easy style of doing things ; rather different from the way they were managed in my youth : but then I suppose we must have progress and "movement," as an eccentric Yankee named Whirligig, who called at my office to-day on some business, said. But I dare say it is all right. — Well, girls, whom are we to be favored with ?

MISS KATE EVERTON.

Whirligig, did you say, papa? Why, he came over on the steamer with us too; and, if I had only known where to find him, I would certainly have invited him; for I think he is ever so nice, in spite of his oddities.

MISS EDITH EVERTON.

Well, we have got, in the first place, a genuine Russian prince. His name is Quitenoff: pretty, is it not? and how nice to be called Princess!

MR. CHARLES EVERTON.

And I suppose you asked him here to meet an American merchant prince and railroad king combined, eh?

MISS MINNIE EVERTON.

That is real clever of you, papa: only it is no better than what my friend Lord FitzGibbon of England can say, when he wants to; but the trouble is that he is very shy, and does not talk much.

MRS. CHARLES EVERTON.

So we are to have a lord also, — a real live one. It seems to me you employed your time pretty well on the boat.

MISS KATE EVERTON.

Yes, indeed we did. And then we have a German baron and a French count.

MR. CHARLES EVERTON.

I suppose we must take care to put them far away from each other at table, or they may want to fight their battles over again. Well, and is that all?

MISS EDITH EVERTON.

There is only one more, and he is an Italian marquis.

MR. CHARLES EVERTON.

What a menagerie!

MRS. CHARLES EVERTON.

I hope, girls, you have invited your Uncle James to look after them, and talk some of their strange languages.

THE MISSES EVERTON (*together*).

Oh, yes! he will be here anyway.

(*The foreigners enter the hall.*)

THE NEGRO SERVANT (*in the hall, aside*).

These gemmen gabe me dare names; and so I s'pose dey wants me to holler dem out. I hab heard said dat 's de way dey do t'ings in Europe. Well, here goes. (*Opens the door to the drawing-room, and announces.*) His Excellency Prince Whitesnuff, His Majesty Baron Having-a-high-time, Mylord Fitz-jibboom, His Royal Highness Count Twirl-and-go, His Eminence the Marquis Tambourines and hand-organs. Eh, what der yer tink ob dat? Hi!

(*General introductions and bowing follow.*)

MRS. CHARLES EVERTON.

Gentlemen, we are delighted to welcome you in Philadelphia; and allow me to thank you all for your attentions to my daughters on the voyage.

(*The gentlemen bow, and return thanks in different languages.*)

MR. CHARLES EVERTON.

You have done well to come here; for we think we have a pretty good show to offer you.

LORD FITZGIBBON.

Aw, yaas, awfully jolly, you know, and all that sort of thing.

PRINCE QUITENOFF.

It is far finer than any thing of the kind that has been attempted in Europe; for I have seen them all.

COUNT TURBIGO.

Immense!

BARON HIGHENSTEIN.

Vienna was an infant in comparison.

THE MARQUIS DE TAMBORINO.

Magnifico.

MISS MINNIE EVERTON (*aside*).

How polite they all are! One hardly knows what to say; but I think I will stick to my little Englishman. (*To* LORD FITZGIBBON.) Mylord, when you get tired of Philadelphia, you must visit some of our watering-places, — Long Branch, Saratoga, or Newport, — where you know polo is all the rage. I suppose, of course, you play it.

LORD FITZGIBBON.

Yaas, I fancy I 'm rather clever at it, you know: nearly killed myself two or three times.

MRS. CHARLES EVERTON.

Prince, baron, count, marquis, mylord, what is the

finest thing you have seen at the Exhibition? What struck you especially, I should be curious to know.

MISS EDITH EVERTON.

Oh, mamma! don't ask conundrums in this weather: it is really too hot.

COUNT TURBIGO.

I can easily tell you, mademoiselle, what most delighted me. It is the beauty and grace of the American ladies.

MISS KATE EVERTON (*aside*).

Oh the gallantry of these Frenchmen! It is something overpowering and beyond belief. (*Aloud.*) *Merci*, count, in behalf of my sex and nationality; again, *merci.*

LORD FITZGIBBON.

Such small feet, you know!

PRINCE QUITENOFF.

Such accomplishment in manners!

BARON HIGHENSTEIN.

Such ethereal forms!

THE MARQUIS DE TAMBORINO.

Such blonde and sunlit tresses!

MR. CHARLES EVERTON (*aside*).

That is the way these fellows bamboozle our American girls in Europe. Stuff and nonsense! Nothing but a lot of words. Why don't they come right out and say, "Such rich and good-natured papas"?

MRS. CHARLES EVERTON.

What is keeping Uncle James all this time? We won't wait for him much longer. Ah! there I hear him talking in the entry with some one: who in the world can it be?

(MR. JAMES EVERTON *and* MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG *meet in the hall, having just come in together.* MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG *is in frock-coat, with a dark scarf and dark trousers.*)

MR. JAMES EVERTON.

Why, glad to see you, Mr. Whirligig! So we are to have the pleasure of your company at dinner to-day also.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Dinner, dinner! what do you mean? Oh! I see you are in swallow-tail coat: so I suppose you are having a big dinner-party here. I did not know any thing about it. I took my early dinner long ago at the Southern restaurant, up in the Centennial grounds; and I thought I would just drop in to pay my respects to the young ladies; but, as they are engaged, I won't intrude now: so pray present my compliments, and say I will call again. (*Takes his hat, and starts for the door.*)

MR. JAMES EVERTON (*catching him by the shoulder*).

Not a bit of it: we won't let you off that way. Here you are; and here you shall stay, and join the party; for they will all be delighted to see you.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

But I am not in dress, you see; and I like to observe the proprieties of life just as much as you.

MR. JAMES EVERTON.

Oh, that is all right! don't bother about it. All you want is a white cravat, and you will do splendidly. — Here, Sam: go up to your master's room, and bring down one of his white cravats.

SAM (*the colored servant*).

Yes, sah, yes, sah: I goes right away.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Well, I rather like this. I am good for any emergency.

(SAM *returns with the cravat, which* MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG *puts on by the glass in the hall; and* SAM *opens the door, and announces.*)

Massa James Everton, Squire Squirrel-in-a-jig.

MR. JAMES EVERTON.

I captured our friend Mr. Whirligig just here at the door, and insisted upon his coming in.

MRS. CHARLES EVERTON.

I am sure we are delighted to have you here, sir.

MR. CHARLES EVERTON.

Indeed we are: make yourself entirely at home. I think you know all the company. (*They bow, and shake hands.*)

MISS KATE EVERTON.

It has been very rude of you not to have called before, Mr. Whirligig: I am sure I won't forgive you for your neglect of us generally, and me in particular.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Won't you really, Miss Kate? not if I try to do better

in the future? But the fact is, I have been so busy, you have no idea; been running round every which way, not a moment to myself. — I beg pardon of your family through you, Mrs. Everton, for my apparent impoliteness; but really it was not intentional.

MRS. CHARLES EVERTON.

I think you will very easily be pardoned, Mr. Whirligig: my daughter Kate will take charge of that.

(SAM *opens the door into the dining-room, and announces in a loud voice and with a magnificent gesture.*)

The dinner is served.

MR. CHARLES EVERTON.

Prince Quitenoff, will you offer your arm to Mrs. Everton? Mylord, will you take Miss Minnie in? Marquis, could you be so good as to escort Miss Edith? As for you, Kate, I am sure Mr. Whirligig will be happy to make amends at once. Baron, count, I am sorry that we have not more ladies: but I am not responsible for it in the least, as it was my daughters who entirely arranged the guests; and I am inclined to think that they did not invite any of their young lady friends, just to keep you to themselves without any rivals. Brother James, will you look after the baron while I take charge of the count? and I can assure you, gentlemen, that any two American citizens may well feel proud at escorting such distinguished representatives of France and Germany to their places around the festive board at one of our Philadelphia homes during this Centennial year.

END OF THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *The scene represents the interior of the Main Exhibition Building at the Centennial grounds. A soda-fountain in the middle.*

MRS. CHARLES EVERTON (*to the boy at the soda-fountain*).

Young man, give me a glass of raspberry soda. I am very thirsty.

THE BOY.

Here it is, ma'am : ten cents, if you please.

MRS. CHARLES EVERTON (*pays the money*).

Well, a pretty day I have had of it ; and here I am all alone ! All I know is, that we started out together, — I and the girls, and my cousin Abigail from the country, who wanted to see the sights, and all these marquises and counts and princes and barons and lords, and the rest of them, — with a general understanding that we were to meet at this soda-fountain at five o'clock, where my husband was to join us from town. Where we have all been, and what we have been doing and seeing in the mean time, I am utterly oblivious of. One of the gentlemen wanted to look at the Corliss engine ; and so off he goes with one of the girls, — I forget which. Another insisted upon taking a cup of coffee at the Vienna

Bakery: and there they are now, I dare say; for that means two. A third suggested that the Fine-art Gallery was the most interesting sight. Somebody else had similar views in regard to the Horticultural Hall; and then there was talk about the Government Building, the Women's Pavilion, the Brazilian Café, — any thing and every thing. And so, in the midst of it all, I somehow got left to shift for myself; and now here I am alone. Young man, another glass of soda, I beg of you.

THE BOY.

All right, marm; here it is: as many more as you please.

(*Enter* MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG *in a suit of white.*)

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

What! you here, Mrs. Everton, and all alone? Who would have thought that I was to have the extreme pleasure of meeting you thus!

MRS. CHARLES EVERTON (*aside*).

Well, he is polite, after all, just as Kate has always said. (*To* MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.) Yes, sir, here I am indeed, a lone, lorn woman.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Madam, I am only too happy to have this opportunity of offering you my protection and my services, *a la disposition de V*, as they say for every thing in that interesting country called Spain.

MRS. CHARLES EVERTON.

Thank you, Mr. Whirligig: you are extremely kind.

(*Enter* Mr. James Everton, *tranquilly*.)

Mr. James Everton.

So here you are, sister-in-law; and you too, Mr. Whirligig; which does not in the least astonish me, for you are just the person I should expect to run across anywhere and everywhere; and, as this spot is one of the places that might come under that extensive category, here of course you are. Before asking about your movements, let me give an explanation of my own conduct. I feel I need one; for you know, as I have often before remarked, I am not, like you, in the movement. I was asked, as a member of the family, to pass the day at the Centennial Exhibition, and then meet here at five. Regard for myself made me drop the Exhibition, and pass the day quietly at home; but love for my family has brought me here at the appointed hour (*he looks at his watch*), as I said I would, — yes, just two minutes past five. One thing I always respect is punctuality at any engagement, and I think I have proved my principles this time. But, my dear sir, pray give an account of yourself since we last met. What have you been doing?

Mr. Josiah Whirligig.

When you ask me this question, sir, am I to infer that you wish me to take up the thread of my life as I left it interrupted on the boat, or to state what I have been about since I last saw you in Philadelphia, or simply to give an account of this day's proceedings?

Mr. James Everton.

I leave it to you entirely, my dear sir; for I am sure it will all be good.

MRS. CHARLES EVERTON.

Oh, yes! tell us any thing: I am much interested.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Well, then, as I was saying, at the age of twelve — No, no, I won't go quite so far back as that. Let me see: what have I done since the delightful dinner-party? Oh, yes, I have it! lots of things. In the first place I met his majesty Dom Pedro, and we talked over old times, of how I went to Rio Janeiro years ago to help him start his horse-railroads there: a good thing it was for me, though I lost all the money made there, since, speculating on Big Bonanzas at San Francisco. Then of course I had to interview Don Carlos, — you did not perhaps know that I was down with him in Spain, writing letters for one of our papers, — and we settled the whole Spanish-Cuban-American question satisfactorily, Well, I have also been on to Washington for a couple of days, trying to make them hurry up their ridiculous session, and letting some of the donkeys there know the difference between gold, silver, and irredeemable paper, from experience. Then I struck off to Columbus, O., to congratulate that good old soldier Governor Hayes on his nomination for the presidency. We passed by Pittsburg and some other places on the way — a centennial excursion party of scientists from all over the world — to have a look at the coal-mines and oil-wells, the whole affair gotten up by that prince of railroad presidents, Tom Scott. From the West I returned East *viâ* Saratoga, where I remained just two days, — time enough to drink a barrel of water and ask our friend Mr. Tilden to hurry up his letter of acceptance. Finally I thought

I ought not to neglect the "Hub:" so I went on to Massachusetts to give Ben Butler some good points about reform. And, as the circus clowns say, here I am again safe at Philadelphia.

Mr. James Everton.

That must have been light work for you, Whirligig. As for me, the mere recital has used me up. I must go and buy some fans. — My sister-in-law, will you come with me? I have something important I must tell you in private. — Will you excuse us a moment, Mr. Whirligig?

Mr. Josiah Whirligig.

Certainly, certainly: don't mind me.

(*They go off to the Japanese department to buy some fans.*)

Mr. Whirligig (*alone, to the audience*).

Well, I'm in a pretty fix now, and things are getting worser and worser every moment; and, as to how it will end, I give up the conundrum. I went early to Everton's office this morning on some particular business; and he took me at once into his private room, and said, "Whirligig, my boy, you are a good fellow. There is something about you I like, and I feel I can trust you." I replied that he honored me, and requested him to proceed. Said he, "If you can help me in this matter, there is hardly any thing I will refuse you. There is," he continued excitedly, "a conspiracy going on among all these distinguished foreigners to rob me of my daughters; very flattering, I dare say, but it must be stopped; and you are the person who can do it." — "Me, sir?" I replied: "what do you mean? For once in my life, I

am bamfoozled." — "Why, just this: you have got to make desperate love to each one of the girls, and get engaged to them all just as quick as you can, so as to prevent these men from doing it ahead of you. Which is after which, I don't pretend to know; and the only way to be sure of safety is to make a clean sweep of them all. I don't mind the Britisher so much, because he speaks a language I can understand; but as for the others, I won't have any of their tomfoolery." — "But," I suggested, "delightful as the programme is, what am I to do? Suppose, for instance, that the young ladies won't have me?" — "They must and shall," he replied vehemently. "Now listen, and I will tell you the situation, and then leave it to your own good wit to work out the details. They are all going to the Exhibition to-day with the madam; and you must contrive to follow them around, separate them, and get your chance just how and when you can. And, above all, keep clear of Mrs. Everton: don't let her see you, or suspect that there is any thing in the wind. You are sure to succeed." Well, so I started off on this difficult undertaking; and I believe, though I scarcely know for certain, that I have accomplished the feat. First, I corralled Edith and the Russian prince. They were up in Agricultural Hall; and he was showing her some of the wonders of his department, — Russia salve, to cure heart-burns, or something of the sort. I managed to get him off on some excuse or other, — to buy a fan or some salts for the young lady, — knowing well that I could touch him on the score of politeness: 't is a national trait. Then, having arranged that we should meet in the Carriage Annex, I bundled Edith into the train, and hurried her off to Landsdowne Valley; and there by the romantic

brook, on a rustic bench, I told my love. She neither said yes or no, but hinted strongly that I must wait; she would have to think it over, and consult her parents, etc., etc. So far, very good. I take her to the rendezvous, consign her again to the prince, and off I go in search of Minnie. After looking about everywhere, I suddenly find her in the Government Building with mylord, showing him triumphantly our guns and trumpets and continental uniforms, and explaining to him how it was we managed to whip the British one hundred years ago. I had not time to listen to this otherwise interesting description, but suggested that we should go to the house of the English Commission. Mylord was flattered at this, and wanted to do the hospitalities. I said it was so hot that we had better take the train, though it was close by. So off we start; and I manage to get Minnie and myself on the wrong side of the track, and mylord on the other. No time to change: so we are carried along down to the Machinery Hall. Then I go right up to the pumping-room (I always did like the noise of water for love-making); and on a seat near the big cataract, with the spray just reaching us, I tell my tale. She first thinks I am joking. I become more serious. She lets out some half-hints that she is not indifferent to the charms of Johnny Bull; and all I can get from her is a vague answer that she, too, will come to no decision for a few days at least. We leave the building. Mylord is wandering about in despair. He spies us in the distance, and I return my precious charge. Now then, last and not least, comes Kate. I remembered she had a taste for flowers: so up I go to the Horticultural Hall, thinking she might be there. By the best luck, I find her surrounded by the

count, marquis, and baron, and talking away at them all about our big trees in California. I joined in the *mêlée;* and actually, while they were all disputing about the plants of their respective countries in various languages, I managed to find a chance to say, in good, square, American English, just what I had in mind. This time it was easier work, for I found it came from the heart; and, to my surprise and pleasure, she blushed and looked delighted; which is more than I can say of the others. At any rate, I got through it feeling considerably better; and then I excused myself, left her with the noble foreigners, and, to cool off, went up to the German beer-garden, where I have just refreshed myself with three glasses of lager. And now here I am, still and always in the movement.

(*Enter* MR. CHARLES EVERTON.)

MR. CHARLES EVERTON.

Well, my friend, what success. Have you done the needful?

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Don't ask me: there is no time for explanations. I have tried my best, and you must watch to see how it turns out.

(MR. JAMES EVERTON *and* MRS. CHARLES EVERTON *return.*)

MR. CHARLES EVERTON (*to his wife*).

My dear, I hope you have had a pleasant day of it: you know it was impossible for me to get here before this. By the way, where are the girls?

MRS. CHARLES EVERTON.

That is a nice question to ask me; for you ought to know that I have n't the least idea.

(*Enter* MISS EDITH EVERTON *with the marquis and prince.*)

MISS EDITH EVERTON.

Oh, mamma, I have had such a delightfully exciting day! and so many funny things have happened, that I must tell you alone (*giving* MR. WHIRLIGIG *a glance*).

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG (*aside*).

I guess I can account for some of them.

(*Enter* MISS MINNIE EVERTON *with the count.*)

MISS MINNIE EVERTON.

Oh, mamma, it has been perfectly delicious to-day! and I have got such queer things to confide to you by and by! (*giving* MR. WHIRLIGIG *a glance.*)

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG (*aside*).

Yes: I reckon I know something about this too.

(*Enter* MISS KATE EVERTON *with the baron.*)

MISS KATE EVERTON.

Oh, mamma, to-day has been perfectly elegant! and I have got something blissful to tell you at the first chance (*with an arch glance at* MR. WHIRLIGIG).

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG (*aside*).

I only hope that refers to me too.

MR. CHARLES EVERTON.

Well, girls, where have you been all day? Explain yourselves a little. And where, too, is Lord FitzGibbon?

MISS EDITH EVERTON.

Oh! we have all got mixed up two or three times, and it is no wonder somebody was lost in the end; but I guess he is the only one, and he will probably put in an appearance soon: all the others, I think, are present or accounted for, as the cadets say at West Point.

THE MARQUIS DE TAMBORINO.

Si, si, ecco.

COUNT TURBIGO.

Voilà, mademoiselle.

BARON HIGHENSTEIN.

Yah, yah, schön.

PRINCE QUITENOFF.

At your side always, miss.

(*Enter* LORD FITZGIBBON, *looking astonished.*)

LORD FITZGIBBON.

Aw, where am I, you know? I fancy I must have got lost, and all that sort of thing. Big buildings, you know; quite a crowd too, you know, aw.

MISS MINNIE EVERTON.

I thought you were with me as I came down from the post-office, where I had been sending a letter to an old school friend; but I looked round, and it was the count

in your place. However, I forgive you; but you must be more wide awake another time.

(MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG *stands at one end of the stage alone.* MRS. CHARLES EVERTON *is at the other end with* MR. CHARLES EVERTON. *The foreigners grouped about in different parts.* MR. JAMES EVERTON *reads a paper in the rear.*)

MISS KATE EVERTON (*goes up to* MR. WHIRLIGIG, *and says in a stage whisper*).

Keep up courage: I think it will be all right. I shall tell mamma and papa about it as soon as possible. (*Passes across the stage.*)

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

I burn with impatience.

MISS MINNIE EVERTON (*going up to* MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG, *says in a stage whisper*).

I fear I cannot give you much encouragement; but nevertheless I will refer the matter to my parents, for discussion at least, at the first opportunity.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Oh, really! don't distress yourself about it, I pray.

MISS EDITH EVERTON (*going up to* MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG, *says in a stage whisper*).

I am so confused by the events of the day, that you must not hurry me for an answer; but I will lose no time in telling my good father and mother of your flattering offer.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

I hope, miss, you will do nothing rash.

(*The young ladies cross over to* MR. *and* MRS. CHARLES EVERTON, *one after another.*)

MISS KATE EVERTON.

Only think, mamma and papa, I have had an offer to-day!

MISS MINNIE EVERTON.

As for me, mamma and papa, I have had two offers.

MISS EDITH EVERTON.

Oh, that is nothing, dear mamma and papa and sisters! for I have had five.

MRS. CHARLES EVERTON.

Who are they all, my girls? Tell me at once.

MR. CHARLES EVERTON (*nervously*).

Don't you think, my dear, we had better wait until we get home? This is not a very good place for any such confidences.

MRS. CHARLES EVERTON.

No, no; you must tell us now: I should never be able to wait.

MISS KATE EVERTON.

Well, then, Mr. Whirligig wants me to marry him.

MISSES MINNIE *and* EDITH EVERTON (*together*).

Mr. Whirligig? What nonsense! Why, he made me the same proposal!

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG (*aside, seeing from the other side what is taking place*).

Oh, thunder! it 's all up with me now. This is the worst thing I ever heard.

MISSES KATE, EDITH, *and* MINNIE EVERTON (*together*).

Oh the wretch and deceiver!

MR. CHARLES EVERTON (*aside, and walking off to the middle of the stage*).

This is lovely.

LORD FITZGIBBON (*going up to him*).

My dear sir, I want to say that I love your daughter Minnie, and hope to make her my lady, you know, aw.

PRINCE QUITENOFF (*going up to* MR. CHARLES EVERTON).

My dear sir, I do myself the honor to love your daughter Edith; and I have just asked her if she would like to become a princess.

COUNT TURBIGO.

Cher monsieur, I adore Mees Edith. Might I cherish the hope that she will return my affection, and become a countess in deigning to accept me?

BARON HIGHENSTEIN.

Meinherr Everton, I am all love for the *fräulein* Edith. I ask her to become *baronne*, and I now await her answer and your approval.

THE MARQUIS DE TAMBORINO.

Signor, all my affection is for the *signorina* Edith.

The most beautiful palace in Genoa is at her disposition, if she only wishes it and me.

MR. CHARLES EVERTON.

Stop, stop! this is too much. What am I to do? This is the most complicated business transaction that ever came for me to unravel.

(*Enter a flower-girl, going to her place at one of the flower-stands. She recognizes* MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG *at once, gives a start, and goes up and kisses him.*)

THE FLOWER-GIRL.

Why, Joe, is that you? Who would have thought of meeting you here? Where have you been since you bade me good-by at Danbury three years ago? I 'm here at the show, you see. Our State commissioner, an old friend of dad's, got me the place.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG (*a little confused*).

Did he, then? how nice! I want to hear about it some day; but you see I am very busy now.

THE FLOWER-GIRL.

You will find me at my little bower, close by, 'most any time; and mind you don't go back on an old friend for all these fine ladies here.

MISS KATE EVERTON (*aside*).

Old friend, indeed! I shall have to see what this means. That makes four of us in one day; which is going it rather strong. I am sure that I was never engaged to more than two men at a time, and they were nothing but Harvard students.

(*Enter the cousin from the country, in a rolling-chair, in the middle of the stage.*)

MISS ABIGAIL HAYMEADOW (*an old maid*).

Lawk a mercy, here you are, be yer! This young man has been driving me round as if I was a hay-cutting machine, and I am all dumbfounded at what I have seen. It beats any fair we ever had in our county, sartain sure. I got such a beautiful glass of milk up there at the dairy! Well, what are you all standing round and gazing at me this way for? Am I the first Quakeress you have ever seen? (*To the foreigners.*) Young men, take your eyes off of me! (*To* MRS. EVERTON.) Cousin Sarah, give me your Martha Washington fan; for I am really blushing.

MR. JAMES EVERTON (*going up to her with a comic expression*).

Cousin Abigail, never fear: I will save you by the respectability of my age from the persecutions of the younger members of my dangerous sex. Allow me to be your escort for the rest of the day.

MISS ABIGAIL HAYMEADOW.

I think you are as bad as any of them, you have lived so long in that wicked Paris. But I am beginning to get hungry. Is n't it time for us to go and get a meal somewhere? I am nearly famished; for I have taken nothing but that cup of milk and a slice of bread since morning.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

This I consider an excellent idea; and I was just

about to ask you all to come and dine with me at the Southern restaurant, and try some old-fashioned American dishes.

COUNT TURBIGO.

I should never allow this, sir: I insist upon you all giving me the pleasure of your company at the *Trois Frères Provençaux*, where every thing has the true flavor of the Palais Royal.

BARON HIGHENSTEIN.

Nein, nein, dat cannot be: you must allow me to offer you the hospitalities of the fatherland at Lauber's German restaurant.

PRINCE QUITENOFF.

Oh, I cannot think of that! Unfortunately, we have no Russian *traktir* here; but Lafayette is a name dear to us all; and so you must come and dine with me in the café which is honored in bearing his illustrious name.

LORD FITZGIBBON.

Aw, no, no, no, you know! I am sure you cannot resist my invitation to try some roast beef in the Great American restaurant, and drink to the memory of George Washington, and all that sort of thing, you know.

THE MARQUIS DE TAMBORINO.

Just the very proposal I was going to make in respect to Christopher Columbus.

MR. JAMES EVERTON.

Ladies, gentlemen, and friends from all countries, I

have been listening with great interest to your remarks for some time; and, deeply sensible as we are of your individual and collective kindness, I see plainly, that, if this sort of thing is to continue, we shall have no dinner at all; and I, too, am beginning to feel an interior gnawing. Now, you must allow me to decide this question for you, just as I did the bets on the boat coming over. You are so desirous of having us accept your kindly offered hospitalities, that I, in behalf of the family, gladly do so. But the dinner must be divided amongst you all except Mr. Whirligig, as our foreign guests are to carry the day. Some other time, he can have his chance. As for the place, in the face of so many excellent restaurants proposed, and the difficulty of selecting any one, I suggest that we all drive up the hill to Proskauer's, where, with the cool air on the piazza, at a cosy table we shall be as comfortable as possible. What say you to this?

All.

Agreed, agreed! Let us be off at once.

Miss Abigail Haymeadow.

And do you calculate this young man will be able to wheel me over there in this 'ere chair?

Mr. Josiah Whirligig.

No, ma'am: I guess it is slightly too far for that. We must go outside of the grounds, and get one of those Centennial wagons, and take a short Centennial drive, and then we shall be in proper condition for our proposed Centennial dinner. I had a Centennial shave this morning, and my boots got a Centennial shine for ten cents; and I know some one to whom I should like to give a Centennial kiss.

MISS KATE EVERTON (*scornfully*).

The young lady from Danbury, with the Centennial flowers, I suppose.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG (*not noticing the interruption*).

But, as this cannot be done here and in public, we will in every other allowable manner keep up the Centennial movement: so now, then, all aboard for Proskauer's; for I guess we have by this time got first-class Centennial appetites.

END OF FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *The piazza of the Haut Ton Hotel at Long Branch.*

MR. JAMES EVERTON (*seated alone on the piazza, and smoking*).

I came here simply to get away from the rest; not because Long Branch is a quiet or desirable place in itself, — far from it, — but merely because all the others told me they were going elsewhere. My brother Charles and his family were to try Cape May; all the foreigners are to finish up the season at Newport and other summer resorts; while Mr. Whirligig is, I trust, off somewhere opening the political campaign, and making hard soft speeches for Hayes and Tilden, or anybody else, for all I care. I want to be quiet, and able to go to sleep; and so I have brought with me "The Saturday Review" and "The Nation," and I trust I shall be let alone. (*Two or three fashionably dressed children go romping by, with bows and arrows and hoops, making a great racket.*) This is nice, to begin with! If there is any one thing I particularly detest and despise, it is the child of the period, who is to be found at hotels. They ought all to be spanked, and packed off to bed. I congratulate myself, at any rate, that I have none of my own to be a nuisance to others. (*Enter* MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.) Hallo, Whirligig! you here, of course.

I was just expecting you. Needless to say that I cannot get on without you long anywhere.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

The same to you, my dear sir: only pray do not suppose that I came here to see *you*. Where are the others? Do you know?

MR. JAMES EVERTON.

What others? Oh, horrors! You do not mean to—

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Why, Kate especially, and the rest of the family. I had a telegram from her yesterday, saying that they could n't get any good rooms at Cape May, and so had decided to run down to the Branch instead: so I hurried off instanter; and here I am, your most obedient.

MR. JAMES EVERTON.

From which I infer that Kate has been crazy enough to accept you, and that you are soon to be *her* most obedient; but the worst of it all is, that you will in that case, in some mysterious way, be my nephew-in-law.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

I assure you, sir, that was the one thing which made me hesitate about trying to become a member of the family.

MR. JAMES EVERTON (*dryly*).

Yes: I see what you mean.

(*Enter* MR. *and* MRS. CHARLES EVERTON *with* MISSES KATE, MINNIE, *and* EDITH EVERTON, *and* SAM *the colored servant. The porters carry large trunks across the piazza, and shawls, wraps, bags, etc.*)

MR. JAMES EVERTON.

Here they are, confound them! and it is all up with me. (*Throws the newspapers in disgust away, and rises.*) My dear brother and sister, the sight of you fills me with —

MRS. CHARLES EVERTON.

Come now, James, you need not tell any fibs: we will spare your conscience that future remorse.

(*The girls run up and kiss him.*)

MISS KATE EVERTON.

Oh, darling uncle, I am so happy to be with you again!

MISS MINNIE *and* MISS EDITH (*together*).

Me too.

MR. JAMES EVERTON.

Well, I accept the situation, all the more as I see it is the only thing to do. By the way, I presume, from what our mutual friend Whirligig has just told me, that we can consider ourselves as composing one family party now.

MISS KATE EVERTON (*crosses to* MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG, *and takes his arm affectionately*).

Yes: it seems it is so.

MR. JAMES EVERTON.

I should like to know what the other girls propose to do about it.

MISS MINNIE EVERTON.

You need not trouble yourself for me, uncle dear; for I have only to say the word any time.

Miss Edith Everton.

As for me, I need but say one of four words. I have merely to select the language. Do you understand?

Mr. James Everton.

My darling Minnie and Edith, excuse an old bachelor uncle for appearing cross now and then; but you know perfectly well that I never mean it. Yes, I do understand what you imply; and I will congratulate you both, as well as the happy members of my sex, on any choice you may honestly make.

Mrs. Charles Everton.

That is your old self again. I knew it would come to this.

Mr. Charles Everton.

Sound at heart, — one of the good New-Hampshire stock: that is where we come from. Bless the old Granite State!

Miss Minnie Everton.

And, now that we are all united and happy, I feel encouraged and willing to speak my mind. It is just this. (*Timidly.*) I have rather been falling in love lately with our English friend. He may not appear very brilliant to strangers, I admit; but I know him better than any of you, and I find that he thinks and means a great deal more than he says. He is the kindest and honestest fellow in the world; and I have an idea that this sort of Anglo-American alliance will not do any harm in our Centennial year. What do you say? Shall I accept him, or not? You must help me decide; for I expect he will

arrive very soon; and that ought to mean yes, unless there is some good reason to the contrary.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

I always liked him from the first, and I vote yes. But pardon me: this is rather presumptuous on my part, as I am only a prospective member of the family.

MR. JAMES EVERTON.

Whirligig, your instincts, I have noticed, are generally correct. If all of you will allow me, with Minnie's help, to settle this question, as you have asked me before to do on many occasions, I imagine there will be no difficulty in arriving at a satisfactory conclusion.

MISS MINNIE EVERTON.

Yes, dear Uncle James, I give you *carte blanche.*

MR. CHARLES EVERTON (*to his wife*).

Sarah, he knows more about these foreigners than we do; and I guess we had better let him fix it. Don't you think so?

MRS. CHARLES EVERTON.

Just as you say. It is beyond me; and all I ask for is Minnie's happiness.

MR. JAMES EVERTON.

This being so, I say, yes; many times, yes. (*Enter* LORD FITZGIBBON.) Bless you, my children, bless you! As I have so often heard at the end of a French play, *Soyez heureux, mes enfants, soyez heureux.*

LORD FITZGIBBON.

Is this true, or some American joke you are playing on me? I can scarcely believe it, you know: it is too much happiness.

All say.

It is perfectly true.

LORD FITZGIBBON (*offering his arm to* MISS MINNIE).

Well, then, all I have to say is, that the Centennial is the best thing I ever knew, you know. Great Britain will rejoice at what I am to bring back from Philadelphia.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Well said, mylord; well said. You have certainly taken a prize. Accept my hearty congratulations.

MR. JAMES EVERTON.

Ladies and gentlemen, as the showman at a country fair would say, I have one more lot left. What are we to do with it?

MISS EDITH EVERTON (*laughing*).

For shame, uncle, to talk so of me! You need not put me up at auction. I am much obliged to you; but I think I can take care of myself.

MR. JAMES EVERTON.

Very good. But where are all the rest of our European friends? I regard our party as incomplete without them.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

I should not be surprised if they were to put in an

appearance any moment. I feel it in the air, that they may be near us now.

MR. CHARLES EVERTON.

I should say it was about time for them to return to their respective homes, and look after the Eastern question.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Quite true, sir, quite true, and perfectly just; but they all gave me to understand that they must see Long Branch before leaving. Probably, as a matter of etiquette, they wish to pay their respects to the President, and to thank him for their hospitable reception in our land.

MRS. CHARLES EVERTON.

Doubtless this is so; for we have all noticed how polite they always are.

MISS EDITH EVERTON.

Dear me! What shall I do if they all come at once? I have got to do something; but I 'm sure I don't know what. Who will help me in this dilemma?

All exclaim.

Your Uncle James is the only person who can do it.

(*The colored porter enters.*)

THE PORTER.

This way, gentlemen: come right along. Plenty of rooms, gentlemen; elegant rooms too, gentlemen.

(*Enter* PRINCE QUITENOFF, BARON HIGHENSTEIN, COUNT TURBIGO, *and* THE MARQUIS DE TAMBORINO.)

MR. JAMES EVERTON (*meeting, and shaking them by the hand*).

Delighted to have you with us again. Where have you come from?

PRINCE QUITENOFF.

I only left New York this morning, where I have been passing a couple of solitary days at the Windsor Hotel, after a hurried look at Niagara. I met, to my surprise, these other gentlemen on the boat.

BARON HIGHENSTEIN.

My case is the same; except that I come from the Fifth-avenue Hotel, after a short trip in the White Mountains.

COUNT TURBIGO.

The Brunswick House has been protecting me since yesterday morning, when I descended there, having come direct from West Point. It was with astonishment that I saw our other friends only a couple of hours ago, also on their way to Long Branch.

THE MARQUIS DE TAMBORINO.

Strange it is that I, too, should be in the same line of movement, as Signor Whirligig would say! I moved two nights ago from Newport to the Albemarle Hotel at New York, and from there here to-day.

MRS. CHARLES EVERTON.

What a curious coincidence this is! all the more so as it is quite by accident that we are here ourselves; for we had intended to go to Cape May.

All exclaim.

Curious coincidence!

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Yes, and evidently nobody knows any thing about it.

MRS. CHARLES EVERTON.

I am sure I don't, at any rate.

MR. CHARLES EVERTON.

Neither do I.

MR. JAMES EVERTON.

Nor I; but I think I can guess. Come, Whirligig, out with it; for suspicion surely points its finger at you.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

I see I might as well make a clean breast of it. I only got the news myself last night of the latest movement; and early this morning five telegrams went to five different hotels in New York, — with what result, you can judge for yourselves. Lord FitzGibbon, who was at the Brevoort House, seems to have got a trifle ahead of the others, and with good effect.

LORD FITZGIBBON.

Yes. I knew the others were all in the boat; for I saw them come aboard: so I quietly remained in a stateroom until she arrived at the wharf, left her, and got into the train quite unobserved, and, reaching the station here, jumped into a hack, and gave the driver an extra dollar to drive me fast; and so appeared in your midst while the others were lumbering along in the omnibus.

MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG.

Bully for the mother-country! You have fairly won the race, mylord. Miss Minnie was right in saying that you thought more than you talked.

MR. CHARLES EVERTON.

This is very well as far as it goes; but I don't want any more comedies of the kind played in my family just now. — Brother James, you must help me through it. Something must be said and done at once, and you are the person to do it.

MR. JAMES EVERTON.

Ladies and gentlemen, the situation is so evident to all, that I will not insult your intelligence by explaining it in detail. Here is one of my nieces left, and here are four Centennial suitors from over the sea. Now, we do not propose to allow our Centennial hospitality to go so far as to deprive our land of its fairest treasures. One has decided to remain here; at any rate, if her erratic husband that is to be (*looking at* MR. JOSIAH WHIRLIGIG) will let her stay long in any one place. Another has chosen to return to the country from which her ancestors came two hundred and fifty years ago. As for the third, who is still a mere child, I take her under my especial charge for the next two years. In 1878 we will all meet at Paris for the Exposition there; and then she shall decide upon whom she will confer her hand. That is the best I can do for you, gentlemen; and I trust you will abide good-naturedly by the decision. Two years pass quickly, and you will soon be out of torture. What say you to it?

PRINCE QUITENOFF.

Horascho.

BARON HIGHENSTEIN.

Schön.

COUNT TURBIGO.

Bien.

MARQUIS DE TAMBORINO.

Bueno.

MRS. CHARLES EVERTON.

I consent to the arrangement.

MR. CHARLES EVERTON.

I suppose, then, that I shall have to be satisfied with only two more years' possession of my daughter.

MISS EDITH EVERTON.

It looks as if it were now my turn to say something. Papa, your right hand; mamma, your left; Uncle James, pray stand in front of me; while you, Mr. Whirligig, must get behind. Sisters, you can fill up the gaps in front between Uncle James and our parents; and Lord Fitz-Gibbon, like a true Briton, will wander up and down the piazza, and guard all approaches. Now, then, I feel that I am safe, and can express my views in perfect security. But, when it comes to that, what have I to say? What can I do? I have to accept the situation; which means that I cannot accept any of my adorers. Are you satisfied with me, or are you not? Don't be cross, anybody, please. *Au revoir*, then, until we meet in Paris in 1878.

END OF THE PLAY.

CENTENNIAL MOVEMENT.

1876.

A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

BY

NATHAN APPLETON.

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